A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS.

God Save the King.
Rule, Britannia.
The Jubilee.
General Wolfe.
The Trumpet Sounds a Victory.

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Where may alſo be had, a large and curious Aſſortment of Songs, Ballads, Tales, Hiſtories, &c.

God Save the King.

GOD ſave great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God ſave the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God ſave the King!

O Lord, our God, ariſe,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Fruſtrate their knaviſh tricks!
On him our hearts we fix,
O ſave us all.

Thy choiceſt gifts in ſtore,
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cauſe,
To ſing with heart and voice,
God ſave the King!

Oh! grant him long to ſee
Friendſhip and unity,
Always increaſe:

May he his ſceptre's ſway,
All loyal ſouls obey,
Join heart and voice, huzza!
God ſave the King!

"From ev'ry latent foe,
"From the aſſaſſin's blow,
"God ſave the King!
"O'er him thy arm extend,
"For Britain's ſake defend
"Our Father, Prince, and Friend.
"God ſave the King!"

Rule, Britannia.

WHEN Britain firſt, at Heaven's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian Angels ſung this ſtrain:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
For Britons never will be ſlaves!

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh, ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More deadful from each foreign ſtroke,
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

The haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe, arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To the belong the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine,
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore it circles thine.

The Muſes ſtill, with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair,
Bleſs'd iſle! with beauties, with matchleſs beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair!

The Jubilee.

FRAE the Grampian hills will the Royal ear hear it,
An' liſten to Norman the Shepherd's plain tale;
The north win' is blawing and gently will bear it,
Unvarniſh'd and honeſt, o'er hill and o'er dale,

When Lon'on it reaches, at court ſire receive it,
Like a tale you may read it, or like a ſang ſing,
Poor Norman is eaſy, but you may believe it,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

Your Jubilee now, wi' my ain I will mingle,
For you and myſel twa fat lambkins I'll ſlay;
Freſh turf I will lay in a heap on my ingle,
An' wi' my auld neebors I'll rant out the day:
My pipes that I play'd on lang ſyne, I will blaw them,
My chanter I'll teach to lilt over each ſpring;
My drones to the tune I'll round an' round thraw them,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

The flocks o' great Britain ye've lang weel attended,
The flocks o' great Britain demanded your care:
Frae the tod an' the wolf they've been ſtugly defended,
And led to freſh paſtures, freſh water and air;
My flocks I have led day by day o'er the heather,
At night they around me ha'e danc'd in a ring!
I've been their protector thro' foul and fair weather,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

Their fleeces I've ſhorn frae the cauld to protect me,
Their fleeces they gave, when a burden they grew;
When leas'd frae the ſheering, their looks did reſpect me,
So the flocks o' great Britain ſtill looks upon you:
They grudge not their monarch a mite o' their riches,
Their active induſtry is aye on the wing:
Then you and me, ſire, I think are twa matches,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

Me wi' my ſheep, ſire, and you wi' your ſubjects,
On that feſtive day we'll both gladly rejoice;
Our twa hoary heads will be fu' o' new projects,
To pleaſe the leal vaſſals that made us their choice!
Wi' ſweet ſips o' hay I will treat a' my weathers,
The juice o' the vine to your lords you will bring;
The reſpect they ha'e for us is better than brithers,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King.

My crook I will dreſs in the relics o' ſimmer,
My faithfu' auld Colly ſhall hail that blythe morn;
And to my wee cabin I'll welcome each comer,
The friend that hath plenty and ſtranger forlorn:
You'll ſure do the ſame, tho' nobody broach it,
Ye've plenty o' beef, butter, labſters, and ling;
And rowth o' Muſicians to ſtrike up the crotchet,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

I live i' the cottage where Norval was bred in,
You live in the palace your anceſtors rear'd:
Nae gueſts uninvited dare come to our weddin',
Nor ruthleſs invaders pluck us by the beard:
Then thanks to the iſland we live in, where ſhipping
Skim round us abreaſt, or like geeſe in a ſtring;
Then ſafe I can ſay, as my broſe I am ſipping,
I'm fifty years Shepherd, you're fifty a King!

But ah! Royal George, and ah! humble Norman,
Life to us baith now draws near to a cloſe!
The year's far awa' that was our natal hour, man,
The time's at our elbow that brings us repoſe:
But e'en let it come, ſire, if conſcience acquit us,
A ſigh frae our boſom death never ſhall wring;
An' may the next Jubilee amang angels meet us,
To hail the auld Shepherd, and worthy auld King!

General Wolfe's Song.

HOW ſtands the glaſs around?
For ſhame, you take no care, my boys!
How ſtands the glaſs around?
Let mirth and wine abound!
The trumpets ſound,
The colours now are flying, boys,
To fight, kill, or wound;
May we ſtill be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground!

Why, ſoldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, ſoldiers! why?
Whoſe buſineſs 'tis to die!
What! ſighing! fie:
Kill fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
'Tis he, you, or I,—
Cold, hot, wet, or dry;
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,
'Tis but in vain
For ſoldiers to complain:
Should next campaign

Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But if we remain,
A bottle and good company,
Cure all again.

The Trumpet Sounds a Victory.

HE was fam'd for deeds of arms,
She, a maid of envy'd charms;
Now to him her love imparts,
One pure flame pervades both hearts;
Honour calls him to the field,
Love to conqueſt now muſt yield;
Sweet maid! he cries, again I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet ſounds a victory!

Battle now with fury glows!
Hoſtile blood in torrents flows;
His duty tells him to depart,
She preſs'd her hero to her heart,
And now the trumpet ſounds to arms;
Amid the claſh of rude alarms,
Sweet maid! he cries, &c.

He with love and conqueſt burns,
Both ſubdue his mind by turns:
Death the ſoldier now enthralls?
With his wounds the hero falls!
She diſdaining war's alarms,
Ruſh'd, and caught him in her arms?—
O death! he cries, thou'rt welcome now to me?
For hark! the trumpet ſounds a victory!

FINIS.